

GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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After all, who was Miss Guggenlocker—baker, baker, gardener or sausage maker?

Traveling of course was pleasant at this time of the year, and the two Americans saw much that interested them along the way. Their French, especially Anguish's, was of great value to them, for they found occasion to use it at all times and in all places. Both spoke German fairly well and took every opportunity to brush up in that language. Lorry remembering that the Guggenlockers used many expressions that showed a preference for the Teutonic, "The blithe Anguish, confident and in high feather, was heart and soul in the odd expedition of love and talked incessantly of their reception by the faraway hostess, their impressions and the final result. His camera and sketching materials were packed away with his traps. It was his avowed intention to immortalize the trip by means of plate, palette and brush.

At the end of two days they reached a certain large city, the first change, and then 700 miles to another. The distance from this point to the capital of Graustark was 200 miles or more, chiefly through mountainous lands. Somewhat elated by the cheerful information there received, they resumed the journey to Edelweiss, the city of vale, slope and park—summer, fall and winter. Changing cars at the end of the second day out, they sat back in the dusty seats of their carriage and sighed with relief.

"Unless we jump the track this train will land us in the city we are looking for," said Anguish, stretching out his legs comfortably. "I'll admit it has been a tiresome journey, and I'll be glad when we can step into a decent hotel, have a rub and feel like white men once more. I am beginning to feel like these dirty Slavs and Huns we saw 'way back there."

"There's one thing certain," said Lorry, looking out of the window. "The people and the habitations are different and the whole world seems changed since we left that station. Look at those fellows on horseback over there."

"What did I tell you about brigands and robbers?" exclaimed Anguish. "If those fellows are not bandits, I lose faith in every novel I ever read."

The train rolled slowly past three mounted men whose steeds stood like statues upon a little knoll to the right of the track, men and beasts engaged in silent contemplation of the cars. The men, picturesquely attired and looking fierce, carrying long rifles, certainly bore an aspect that suggested the brigand. When the guard entered the carriage, Anguish asked in German for some information concerning the riders.

"They're frontier police guards," responded the man in English, smiling at their astonishment. Both Americans rose and shook hands with him.

"By George, it's good to hear a man talk white man's language," cried Anguish.

"How do you come to be holding a job on this road?" an Englishman demanded Lorry. He looked anything but English.

"I'm not an Englishman," said the guard, flushing slightly. "My name's Sitzky, an' I'm an American, sir."

"An American!" exclaimed Lorry. Sitzky grew loquacious.

"Sure! I used to be a sailor on a United States man-of-war. A couple of years ago I got into trouble down at Constantinople an' had to get out of de service. After dat I drifted up dis way and went to railroadin'."

He hadn't exactly the manner of a man-of-war.

"How long have you been on this road?" asked Lorry.

"T'out a year, I should t'ink. Been on dis branch only two months, dough."

"Are you pretty well acquainted in Edelweiss?"

"Oh, I run in dere every odd day—in an' out ag'in. It's a fine place—purty good an' ever saw in your life. The town runs right up de mountain to de tip-top, where de monks are clear up in de clouds. Dey say it snows up dere almost all de time."

Lorry, deeply interested.

"I'm not sure. To hear de Edelweiss people talk you'd t'ink dey licked de daylight out of de other slob, but somehow I got next to de fact dat dem other fellows captured de city an' went after a slashin' big war indemnity. I don't know much 'bout it, an' maybe I'm clear off, but I t'ink de Graustark army was crashed. Everyt'ing is prosperous now, dough, an' you'd never know dere'd been a war. It's de most peaceable town I ever saw."

"Did you ever hear of de Guggenlockers?" asked the irrepressible Anguish, and Lorry felt like kicking him.

"In Edelweiss? Never did. Friends of yours?"

"Acquaintances," interposed Lorry hastily, frowning at Anguish.

"You won't have any trouble findin' 'em if dere anybody at all," said Sitzky easily. "De hotel people ought to be able to tell you all 'bout 'em."

"By de way, what is de best hotel dere?" asked Anguish.

"Dere's de Burnowentz, one block north of de depot." The travelers looked at one another and smiled, Sitzky observing the action. "Oh," he said pleasantly, "dere's a swell joint up-town called de Regenetz. It's too steep for me, but maybe you gents can stand it. If you'll hang around de depot for a little while after we get in I'll steer you up dere."

"We'll make it worth your while, Sitzky," said Lorry.

"Never mind dat now. Americans ought to stick together, no matter where dey are. We'll have a drink an' 'at's all, just to show we're fellow countrymen."

"We'll have several drinks, and we'll eat and drink tonight at de 'swell joint' you talk about," said Anguish.

"We may drink dere, but I'll not eat dere. Dey wouldn't let a railroad guard inside de feedin' pen. Why, nothin' but royal guys eat dere when dey're downtown shoppin' or exposin' demselves to public gaze."

True to his word, when they reached Edelweiss late that afternoon Sitzky,



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Later on from the loquacious guard the two Americans learned quite a good bit about the country and city to which they were going. His knowledge was somewhat limited along certain lines, but quite clear as to others.

"Dis Graustark, 's fer as I know, is eeder a sort o' state or somethin' be-longin' to de empire, governed by its own rulers. Edelweiss is de capital; de big guns of de land lives dere. I've walked out an' saw de castle where de princess an' de royalty hangs out. De people speak a language of deir own, and I can't get next to a t'ing dey say. But once in awhile you find some guy dat talks French or German. Dey've got a little standin' army of two t'ree t'ousand men, an' dey've got de hottest uniforms you ever did see—red an' black an' gold. I don't see why de United States can't get up somethin' foxy for her soldiers to wear. Had a war over here not long ago, I understand—somethin' like ten or fifteen years ago. Dere's another little country up north of Graustark, an' dey got in a wrangle 'bout somethin', an' dey tell me in Edelweiss dat for 'bout a year dey fought like Sam Patch."

"Which was victorious?" demanded

ly sweeping his saddle skirts with his white cap.

"Polite old codger," observed Anguish.

"His company manners. Just let him get you in de sweat box if you t'ink he's polite."

"Ever been there?"

"Well," a little confusedly, "I pasted a Graustark baggage smasher down in de yards two weeks ago, an' dey had me up. I proved de feller insulted a lady, an' old Dangloss let me off, sayin' I'd ought to have a medal. Dese guys are great on gallantry when ladies is concerned. If it hadn't been for dat, I'd be in de lockup now. An', say, you ought to see de lockup! It's a tower, wid dungeons an' all dat sort of t'ing. A man couldn't no more get out 'n he could fly up to de monastery. Dey're great on law an' order here too. De princess has issued strictest kind of rules, an' everybody has to live up to 'em like as if dey was real gospel. I t'ought I'd put you next, gents, so's you wouldn't be doin' anyt'ing crooked here."

"Thanks," said Lorry dryly. "We shall try to conduct ourselves discreetly in de city."

Probably a quarter mile farther down the narrow, level street they came to the bazaars, the gaudy stores and then the hotel. It was truly a hostelry to inspire respect and admiration in the mind of such as Sitzky, for it was huge and well equipped with the modern appointments. As soon as the two Americans had been given their rooms they sent for their luggage. Then they went out to the broad piazza, with its columns and marble balustrades, and looked for Sitzky, remembering their invitation to drink. The guard had refused to enter the hotel with them, urging them to allow him to remain on the piazza. He was not there when they returned, but they soon saw him. On the sidewalk he was arguing with a white uniformed police guard, and they realized that he had been ejected from sacred precincts.

They promptly rescued him from the officer, who bowed and strode away as soon as they intervened.

"Dese fellers is slick enough to see you are swells an' I'm not," said Sitzky, not a bit annoyed by his encounter. "I'll bet my head 'at inside ten minutes old Dangloss will know who you are, where you come from an' what you're doin' here."

"I'll bet fifty heads he won't find out what we're doing here," grinned Anguish, looking at Lorry. "Well, let's hunt up de thirdest department."

They found the little apartment in which drinks were served at tables, and before they said goodby to Sitzky in front of the hotel, a half hour later, that worthy was in exceedingly good humor and very much flushed in the face. He said he would be back in two days, and if they needed him for any purpose whatever they could reach him by a note at the railway station.

"Funny how you run across an American in every nook and corner of de world," mused Lorry as they watched the stocky ex-man-of-warman stroll off toward his hotel.

"If we can run across de Guggenlockers as easily, we'll be in luck. When shall we begin de hunt? 'T'night?"

"We can make a few inquiries concerning them. They certainly are people of importance here."

"I don't see de game on any of de brewery signs around town," observed Anguish consolingly. "There's evidently no Guggenlocker here."

They strolled through the streets near the hotel until after 6 o'clock, wondering at the quaint architecture, the pretty gardens and the pastoral atmosphere that enveloped the city. Everybody was busy, contented, quiet and happy. There was no bustle or strife, no rush, no beggars. At 6 they saw hundreds of workmen on the streets, going to their homes. Shops were closed, and there came to their ears the distant boom of cannon, evidently fired from different points of the compass and from the highland as well as the lowland.

"The toy army is shooting off de good night guns," speculated Anguish. "I suppose everybody goes to bed now."

"Or to dinner," substituted Lorry, and they returned to the Regenetz. The dining hall was spacious and beautiful, a mixture of the oriental and the medieval. It rapidly filled.

"Who the dickens can all these people be? They look well," Anguish whispered, as if he feared their nearest neighbors might understand his English.

"They are unquestionably of the class in which we must expect to find the Guggenlockers."

Before the meal was over the two strangers saw that they were attracting a great deal of attention from the other guests of the house. The women as well as the men were eying them and commenting quite freely, it was easy to see. Toward the end of the dinner several officers came in, and the Americans took particular pains to study them. They were cleanly built fellows, about medium height, wiry and active. As a class the men appeared to average 5 feet 7 inches in height, some a little taller, some a little shorter. The two strangers were over six feet tall, broad shouldered and athletic. They looked like giants among these Graustark men.

"They're not very big, but they look as if they'd be nasty in a scrap," observed Anguish, unconsciously throwing out his chest.

"Strong as wildcats, I'll wager. The women are perfect, though. Have you ever seen a smarter set of women, Harry?"

"Never, never! A paradise of pretty women. I believe I'll take out naturalization papers."

When the two strangers left the dining room they were conscious that every eye in the place was upon them.

"We seem to be de whole show here, Gents," said Anguish as they sat down

at one of the tables in the garden.

"I guess Americans are rare."

"I've found one fellow who can speak German and French, and not one, except our guard, who can talk English. That clerk talks German fairly well. I never heard such a language as these other people use. Say, old man, we'd better make inquiry about our friends tonight. That clerk probably won't be on duty tomorrow."

"We'll ask him before we go to bed," agreed Lorry, and upon leaving the brilliantly lighted garden they sought the landlord and asked if he could tell them where Caspar Guggenlocker lived. He looked politely incredulous and thoughtful, and then, with profound regret, assured them he had never heard the name. He said he had lived in Edelweiss all his life and knew everybody of consequence in the town.

"Surely there must be such people here!" cried Lorry, almost appealingly. He felt disheartened and cheated. Anguish was biting his lips.

"Oh, possibly among the poorer classes. If I were you, sir, I should call on Captain Dangloss, the chief of police. He knows every soul in Edelweiss. I am positive I have never heard the name. You will find the captain at the tower tomorrow morning."

The two Americans went to bed, one so dismayed by his disappointment that he could not sleep for hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Certain Cure for Croup Used for Ten Years Without a Failure.

Mr. W. C. Bott, a Star City, Ind. hard core merchant, is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. His children have all been subject to croup and he has used this remedy for the past ten years, and though they much feared the croup, his wife and he always felt safe upon retiring when a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was in the house. His oldest child was subject to severe attacks of croup, but this remedy never failed to effect a speedy cure. He has recommended it to friends and neighbors and all who have used it say that it is unequalled for croup and whooping cough. For sale by Pickens Drug Co.

Too Low and Too High.

"Do employers hire men and then pay them what they think them worth or do they fix salaries and then get such men as they can to fit them?" asked a young man who had been going through the experience of changing his work. "I won't try to answer my question, but I will tell you a story. I called upon a manager to talk with him about a place of responsibility which I knew he had to offer. He seemed taken with me and I think had his mind made up to employ me. Finally he asked me how much salary I would expect."

"I should say about \$150 a month," I answered.

"Immediately his face fell. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but I expect to pay \$2,500 a year, and I want a \$2,500 man. Good morning!'"

"From there I went to another place. Again I seemed to suit, and we got to the question of wages. I knew the firm was not in the habit of spending much money. If I was to get the position I must bid low, and so I suggested \$125 a month."

"I'm sorry," was the reply, 'but we can't pay more than \$100. I know you're worth more and the work is worth more, but we haven't got the money to spend, that's all. Good morning!'"—New York Post.

The Study of Medicine.

The study of medicine is the study of man and of his relations to his environment. It is the broadest and most useful of all the professions. A skillful physician can find opportunity for the employment of his highest skill in a hovel as well as in a palace. He is alike welcomed by the king and by the peasant. The exactions of the physician's calling are more severe than those of any other profession. He must be content to hold all his personal plans for pleasure, profit or recreation subject to the exigencies of many other lives as well as of his own, so that his life must be less regular than that of other men. He belongs to the social fire department. He must often imperil his health, even his life, to save the health and lives of others. He must be content with a short life. But all these disadvantages are inducements to the man who desires to live up to the highest and noblest ideals.

—From "Starting In Life," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

False Economy.

There is a vast difference between the economy which administers wisely and that niggardly economy which saves for the sake of saving and spends a dime's worth of time to save a penny. I have never known a man who overestimated the importance of saving pennies to do things which belong to large minds.—Success Magazine.

Working Hard.

The little boy's father had come home from his office early and was lying down for a nap before dinner. The little lad's mother sent him up stairs to see if his father was asleep. He returned with this answer: "Yes, mamma, papa is all asleep, but his nose."

Discouraging.

"You look discouraged."

"I am. Another college has just conferred the degree of LL. D. on my Uncle Benjamin. There isn't likely to be much left for me when he dies."

A Mean Dig.

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